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being great, is exceedingly beautiful in conception and has more power to impress than any statue that has been seen here in a long time. It is a little larger than life size, of pure white marble, and represents Miss Martineau seated in a straight garden chair. A lace handkerchief covers the head, and the hair, which is brushed away from the forehead, is gathered into a simple knot at the nape of the neck. In her lap is a manuscript, upon which her hands rest. A mantle falls from her shoulders, partially concealing the bodice—from beneath which the folds of her dress appear. The only ornament is a lace ruffle at the neck. The eyes are directed straight ahead, as if in thought. The unveiling took place in the Old South Church, where the statue will remain on exhibition until summer, and the ceremony was simple and interesting. The city government has not granted a location yet, but it seems probable that a site near the Sumner statue, in the Public Garden, will be selected. The movement which has resulted in this statue was carried out from the beginning, in every detail, by women of Boston and vicinity.

#### ART EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC DISPLAY—PAINTINGS SHOWN BY HENRY COOK, W. T. DANNAT, AND J. M'CLURE HAMILTON.

BY no means least interesting of the autumn exhibitions in London was that of the Photographic Society of Great Britain, which proved conclusively the claim of photography to many and strong artistic qualities. A certain part of the exhibition was amateur work, and it was in just this amateur work that the artistic element was most dominant over the more mechanical. Amateurs as a rule prefer picturesque grouping, artistic composition, character and incident, to developing mechanical sharpness of form and scientific silveriness of tone. Much taste was also displayed in the landscape selections. A collection of incident photographs by Lyddell Sawyer showed as much picturesque grouping as any painting of the same character on the walls of the Royal Academy last year. A love scene—rustic maiden, youth, and overturned milkpail—was placed in the midst of a bit of landscape so purely pastoral and idyllic that it was almost impossible to believe it unconscious nature and not an idealized composition set in harmony with the human idyl it enshrined. Another, by the same, was called,

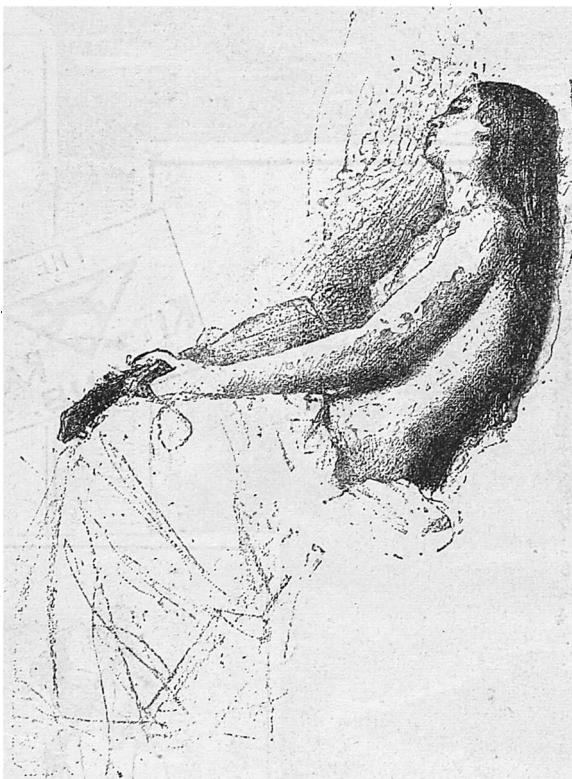
"Maiden fair, oh! have a care;  
Vows are many, truth is rare."

and had all the strength, delicacy, and picturesqueness as well as the tone of a fine engraving. It showed two figures: one a fair—almost too fair—rustic belle listening to the love protestations of a hunting squire within a rustic lane some little distance before a country cottage. The landscape was one that Constable would have delighted in; the figures might have been posed by Mulready. Some "seascapes" and country field scenes—"Carrying Hay," "The Haymaker's Dinner," and "A Nor'easter"—by H. P. Robinson (who received a medal), were reproductions of most pictorial aspects of nature. In one of them, called "What Luck?" three fisher-girls were wreathed together in as graceful a sweep of line as art and nature can create, and, with as poetic a result of dusky shadows against gleaming sea and sky as one finds on the canvases of Josef Israels.

Among the minor exhibitions was one, elegantly held in the drawing-room of the Egyptian Hall, of the works of an English artist, Henry Cook, who has lived many years in Rome, and whose politeness there to his travelling country people is alluded to in many of the notices of his pictures. These latter are portraits, landscapes, and sketches, both in oil and water colors. The art in its ensemble is a curious illustration of the influence of Italy upon British theory and practice, that is, in the case of an artist who never forgets his nationality yet who unconsciously absorbs some influences of the bright land of his adoption. The portraits, of which the luxurious catalogue gave many noble names, were simply and absolutely worthless. The faces were flat, pale, lifeless; the subjects suggested Carolus Duran, but merely in being only lay figures to hold elaborate draperies. The water-color sketches were the best of the exhibition, although attenuated in substance and given to swashiness. Some of the "critics" used the usual

cant words, "subtlety" and "finesse," in writing of them, but to the ordinary eye those were the very qualities most conspicuously absent. The oil-paintings were theoretical work, very little akin to nature, but wrought out upon preconceived ideas of what nature ought to be to be pictured. A curious mannerism of choosing subjects where the light converges to the back middle distance was apparent. The atmospheres were almost universally brilliant, but opaque and "varnishy;" the whole work had as little spontaneity and enthusiasm as a brilliant chromo.

A new artistic enterprise in the Conduit Street Galleries is called "The Nineteenth Century Art Society." This society announces itself to be thoroughly cosmopolitan, and proves its cosmopolitanism by hanging the walls of its first exhibition with the work of almost every European and American school. The Americans who exhibit are W. T. Dannat and J. McClure Hamilton. English art is, of course, the most largely represented, and shows its usual oversentimentalized heads, and landscapes in which is more of poetic spirit than of artistic mastery. W. T. Dannat sends two canvases, "An Aragonese Peasant" and "Un Coin d'Atelier." The first is of cabinet size and utmost simplicity of incident, although with all of this artist's usual vigor of effect. The subject is a man, full length, in peasant short breeches and jacket, facing the spectator and rolling a cigarette.



"THE MANDOLIN PLAYER." SKETCH BY SELLIER.

Nothing else is upon the canvas save a bare shelf holding two earthen vessels. The costume is in warm low tones of brown; the light comes from behind the figure, throwing its face and fronts into shadow, and with strong white lights—a very radiance of light as is Mr. Dannat's habit—upon one side of the head and the shoulders. It is keen, incisive work, reminding one somewhat of the Spanish Goya—brilliant and effective, even if not especially charming. "Un Coin d'Atelier" is an almost too evident concentration of artistic properties in one part of a studio, thus forcing upon the observer an impression of studied and ornate arrangement. The color is decidedly French—strong, rich, harmonious—and, barring the white cap and apron of the Parisian bonne who sits polishing some article of vertu, and thus introducing a space of coldness amid warmth, is well balanced. The surface is velvety, the whole canvas absolutely devoid of spiritual ideality, but such beautifully decorative work that it shines like a star amid its cruder surroundings.

J. McClure Hamilton's two pictures are called respectively "Sola" and "A Transplanted Flower." The former is a vast upright canvas with a full-length figure of a Spanish or Moorish dancing girl posed against a golden-green plush-like background, wearing a peach-colored robe, and with only one visible foot cased in black slipper and silk stocking. Her

teeth flash, and the red roses in her sloe-black hair and upon her breast catch the eye with the emphasis of calculated color-impressionism. The drawing of the upper part and the elbow of the right arm is somewhat eccentric, but the poise of the figure is eminently graceful, and the ensemble, in spite of the not exactly pleasing color of the large mass of drapery (very much the same as that in which Dante Rossetti clad his "Formosa") is brilliant almost to audacity.

"A Transplanted Flower" is garish and almost vulgarly without the dignity of shadows. "English buyers do not like dark pictures," said an experienced dealer in the writer's hearing; "they want everything bright and gay." This accounts perhaps for Boughton's depthless greens, the Sèvres china painting of Sir Francis Leighton, and the predominating paperiness and thinness of English color in general. This Spanish balcony scene, where an ugly and elderly young woman sits among potted plants with head and shoulders draped in a blonde mantilla, is conspicuously "light and gay." Large-leaved foliage, lustrous and light-glancing, thrust through with gorgeous bloom, fills the sloping balcony before the fretted frame of the window. Masses of white light are thrown back from spaces of heated stone or marble. There is plenty of warmth, and the subject is full of artistic potentialities, but in this instance the result seems a bit of artistic flippancy, and is robbed of what picturesque charm it had by an angular frame of coarse green in the shape of a street lantern, thrust insolently into the very centre of the foreground.

MARGARET BERTHA WRIGHT.

LONDON, January 2, 1884.

#### THE WORK OF CHARLES SELLIER.

THE series of winter exhibitions in Paris began with an exhibition of the work of Charles Sellier, who died in November, 1882, at the age of fifty-two. Sellier was born at Nancy in 1830. He was a pupil of Leborne and Léon Cogniet; Prix de Rome in 1857, medal at the Salon of 1865, second medal Salon of 1872. It is curious to remark that the year that Sellier obtained the first Grand Prix de Rome, Hector Leroux obtained the second first grand prix and Léon Bonnat only obtained the second prize. Since then Bonnat has amply made up for lost time. During his lifetime perhaps Sellier did not have justice done to him either by his brother artists or by the public. In presence of this posthumous exhibition of his work all rivalries and discussions will cease, and all will recognize in Sellier a superior talent—a draughtsman of extreme ability, a colorist curious of effects of light and shade and incessantly observant of the phenomena of light, and an artist who had a certain personal ideal and a subtle charm of his own. The exhibition of his work, most of which is to be sold at the Hôtel Drouot and so thrown into the market, comprises a quantity of portraits, historical scenes, and sketches, treated conscientiously enough, but without any marked originality. Then suddenly we come to a new series of works where the traditions of the schools are abandoned. Sellier becomes a composer, and seeks ardently to master the charm of chiaroscuro, or perhaps we might better say the charm of aerial qualities. His chief preoccupation is air: his constant aim is to fill his canvases with luminous air, to envelope his figures with the golden haze of Rembrandt or with a rosy mist that is at once ideal and natural, an aerial tonality which was personal to him. So preoccupied was he with the phenomena of light that some of his pictures are pointillé or stippled all over to give the effect of the vibration of light. Even in his charcoal drawings, relieved with white, he has sought this effect of vibration of light. In the research of Rembrandtesque effects Sellier is less happy than when he gives way to his yearning after an ideal bathed in rosy or nacré light. For that matter his pigments have doubtless betrayed him. Still in all his good work there is a mystery, a charm of imagination, a dreamy seduction, an ideal sought and often found, that will insure for the artist permanent recognition among the superior and original talents. His decorative compositions above all, "Spring Opening the Doors to Love," "The Cigale," and some of the historical and religious pictures, "The Lost Soul," and many of his interiors, will hold their own in the choicest collections of modern art.

T. C.